New

PADY from CORK,

With his Coat Button'd Behind,

In Three Parts.

A merry Conference between Engliſh TOM, and Iriſh TEAGUE. PADY's Catechiſm his Purgatory, when dead: His Supplication and Creed for Popiſh believers. PADY's Pſalms and Hymn, &c.

By ROYMORE M'CLOSKY, in Derry Ireland.

EDINBURGH:

Licenſed and Entered according to Order.

The Comical Sayings of *Pady* from *Cork*.

Tom. GOOD morrow ſir this is a very cold day
Teog. Arra dear honey, yeſter-night was a ver cold morning.

Tom. Well brother trav ller what nation art thou? *Teag* Arra dear ſhoy I come from our own king om *Tom.* Why ſir, I know that, but where is thy king om? *Teag.* Alaleu dear honey, don't you know Cork in Ireland? *Tom.* O you fool, Cork i not a kingdom but a city *Teag* O then my dear ſhoy, I am ſure it is in a kingdom *Tom* And what was the reaſon you left your own dear country? *Teeg.* Arra dear ſhoy, by ſhaint Patrick th y have got ſuch a comical law in our country, that they'll put a man to death in perfect health; ſo to be free with you neighbour, I was obliged to come away, as I did not chuſe to ſtay among ſuch a people, th t can hang a poor man when they pleaſe if he either ſteals, robs, or kills a man.

Tom Ay but I take you to be more of an honeſt man than either to ſteal, rob, or kill a man *Teag.* Honeſt, am perfect honeſt when I was but a child, my mother could have truſted me with a houſe full of mill ſtones. *Tom.* What was you guilty of nothing? *Teag.* Arra dear honey, I did harm to no body but only fancied an old gentleman's gun: and afterwards made it my own. *Tom* Very well boy, and did you keep it ſo? *Teag* Keep it, I would have kept it with all my heart while I lived, death itſelf could not have parted us, but the old rogue the gentleman being a juſtice of the peace himſelf, had me tried for the rights of it, and how I came by it, and ſo took it again. *Tom* And how did you clear yourſelf without puniſhment? *Teag.* Arra dear ſhoy, I told them a parcel of lies about it, but they would not believe me, for I ſaid that I got it from my father when it was a little piſtol, and I had kept it till it had grown a gun, and was deſigned to uſe it well, until

it had grown a big cannon, and then I ſold it to the military they all fell a laughing at me, as I had been a fool, then bid me go home to my mother and cl an the potatoes. *Tom.* And how long is it ſince you left your own dear country? *Teag.* Arra dear honey. I don't mind whither it be a fortnight or four months, but I think my ſelf its a long time; they tell me my mother is dead ſince. but I don't believe it, until I get a letter from her own hand, for ſhe is a very good ſcholar, ſuppoſe ſhe can neither read nor write. *Tom.* Was you ever in England before? *Teag.* Ay that I was and in Scotland too.

Tom. And were they kind to you when you was in Scotland? *Teag.* They were that kind, that they kick d my arſe for me: and the reaſon was, becauſe I would not pay the whole of the liquor, that was drunk in the company though the landlord and his two ſons got mouthfuls about of it: they would have me to pay it all, though I did not drink it all, I told them it was but a tricking of travelers firſt to drink out his liquor, and then to kick him out of doors.

Tom I really think they uſed you badly, but could you not beat them? *Teag.* I that's what I did beat them all to their own contentment; but there was one of them ſtouter than me, who would have killed me, if the other two had not pulled me away, ſo I had to run for it, till his paſſion was over; then they made us drink and gree again, we ſhook hands and made a bargain never to harm other more, bu this bargain did not laſt, for as I was kiſſing his mouth, by ſhaint Patrick, I did bite his noſe, which cauſed them beat me very ſore for my pains. *Tom.* Well Pady what calling was you when in Scotland? *Teag.* Why ſir, I was no buſineſs at all, but what do you call the green tree that is like a Whin buſh? ſome people makes a thing to ſweep the houſe of it. *Tom* O yes Pady, they call it a Broom *Teag.* Ay, ay you have it, then I was a gentleman's groom.

only watered his horſes, and waſhed the diſhes for the cook; and when my maſter rode a hunting I run behind him along with dogs. *Tom.* O yes, Pady, it was the groom you mean, but I fancy you was but cooks mate or kitckin boy, *Teag* No, no it was the groom that I was, and if I had ſtayed there till now, I might have been advanced as high as my maſter, for the ladys loved me ſo well that they laught at me. *Tom* Ay they might admire you for a fool *Teag* What ſir do you imagine that I am a fool, no, no my maſter aſked councel of me in all his matters, and I always gave him a reaſon for every thing: I told him one morning that he went too ſoon a hunting, that the hares was not got out of their beds and neither the barking of horns, nor the blowing of dogs, could make them riſe, it was ſuch a cold morning that night: So they run all away that we catch'd, as we did not ſee them. So my maſter telling my words to ſeveral gentlemen that was at dinner with him, they all admired me for my want of wiſdom, ſaying I was certainly a man of high judgment as my head was all in a lump. adding that they were going a fiſhing along with my maſter and me in the afternoon; but I told them it was a very unhappy thing to go a hunting in the morning and a fiſhing in the afternoon; yet they would try it, but they had better ſtayed at home, for it came on a moſt terrible fine night of ſouth weſt rain, and even-down wind; ſo the fiſhes got all in below the water to keep them dry from the ſhower, and we catch't them all, but got none of them. *Tom* And how long did you ſerve that gentleman Pady; *Teag.* Arra dear honey, I was with him ſix weeks, and he beat me ſeven times *Tom* And for what did he beat you was it for your madneſs and fooliſh tricks?

Teag. Dear ſhoy, it was not, but for being too inquiſitive and going too ſharply about buſineſs. Firſt he ſent me to the Poſt-Office, to enquire if there was any letter for him, ſo when I came there,

ſaid I, is there any letters here for my maſter to day? then they aſked me who was my maſter: Sir ſaid I it is very bad manners, in you to aſk any gentlemans name: At this they all laughed mocking me. and ſaid there was none, if I would not tell my maſters name ſo I returned to my maſter: And told him the impudence of the fellows, how they would not give me no letters unleſs I told him your name maſter: my maſter at this flew in a paſſion, and kick'd me down ſtairs, ſaying go you rogue, and tell my name directly, how can the gentlemen give letter's, when he knows not who is calling for them? then I returned and told my maſters name, ſo they told me there was one for him. and that it was a ſix pence, ſix pence ſaid I, and will you take a ſix pence for that little ſmall thing, and ſelling bigger ones for two-pence? faith I am not ſuch a big fool, you think to cheat me now, this is not a conſcienable way of dealing, I'll acquaint my maſter firſt of it. So I comes and told my maſter how they would have ſix pence for his letter, and ſelling bigger ones for two pence, he took up my head and broke his cane with it: So calling me a thouſand fools, ſaying the men were more juſt than charge any thing but the right for it. But I was as ſure as no man alive, there was none of them right buying and ſelling ſuch dear penny-worths: So I came again for my dear ſix-pence letter: And as the fellow was ſhiffling throw a parcel of them ſeeking a little one to me, arra to make up a dear market, I pick't up two, and home I comes to my maſter thinking he would be well pleaſed with what I had done, now ſaid I maſter, I think I have put a trick on them fellows for ſelling the letter ſo dear to you: What have you done now? ſaid he, ſaid I, I've only taken other two letters; here is one for you maſter, to help your dear penny-worth. and I'll ſend the other to my mother, to ſee whether ſhe be dead or alive, for ſhe's always angry I don't write to her; I had not the word well ſpoken till he got up his

cane and beat me hertily for it, and ſent me back to the fellows again with the two; I had ill will to go, but no body would buy them of me by the way

Tom. A well Pady, I think you was to blame and your maſter too, for he ought to have teached you how to have gone about thoſe affairs, and not have beat you ſo. *Teag.* Arra dear ſhoy, I had too much wit of my own to be teached by him or any body elſe; he began to inſtruct me after that how I ſhould ſerve the table, and ſuch neſty things as thoſe; one night I took ben a roſted fiſh in the one hand and a piece of bread in the other, the old gentleman was ſo fancy he would not take it, and told me I ſhould bring nothing to him without a trencher below it; the ſame night as he was going to bed, he called for his ſlippers and a piſs pot, ſo I clap't in a trencher below the piſs-pot and another below the ſlippers and ben I goes to him, one in every hand; no ſooner did I enter the room, then he threw my head at the piſs pot, which brake them both at one blow; now ſaid I the d——ls in my maſter all together, for what he commands at one time he countermands at another; next day I went with him to the market to buy a ſack of potatoes I went into the potatoemonger, and aſked what he took for the full of a Scots cog, he weighted them in, he aſked no leſs than four-pence: Four pence ſaid I, If I were in Dublin, I could get the full of that for nothing, and in Cork or King-ſail far cheaper, them is but ſmall things like peaſe, ſaid I, but the Patatoes in my country is as big as your head, fine meat all made up in bleſſed mouthfuls; the Potatemonger called me a liar, and my maſter called me a fool: So the one fell a kicking me and the other fell a cuffing me. I was in ſuch bad bread between them, that I called myſelf both a liar, and a fool to get off alive *Tom.* And how did you carrie your Potatoes home from the market. *Teag.* Arra dear ſhoy, I carried the horſe, and them both beſides a big loaf and two bottles of wine; for I put the old horſe on my

back, and drove up the potatoes before me; and when I tied the load to the load, I had nothing to do but to carry the bottles in my hand, but bad luck to the way as I came home for a nail out of the heel of my foot, I sprung a lake in my brog which prick'd the very bone, bruised the skin and made my brog itself to blood: and I having no hammer by me but a hatchet I left at home, I had to beat down the ptoin of the nail with the bortom of the bottle, and by the book dear shoy, it broke all to pieces, and scattered the wine in my mouth. *Tom.* And how did you recompence your master for the loss of the bottle and the wine? *Teag* Arra dear shoy, I had a mind to cheat him and myself too, for I took the bottle away to a blacksmith and desired him to mend it, that I might go to the butchers and get in full of bloody water, but he told me he could work in any thing but steel and iron, arra, said I, if *I* were in my own kingdom, *I* could get a blacksmith who could make a bottle out of a stone, and a stone out of nothing. *Tom.* And how did you trick your master out of it? *Teag.* Why, the old rogue began to chide me, how *I* broke it, then *I* held up the other as high as my head, and let it fall to the ground on a stone, which broke it in pieces likewise, now said *I* master, that's the way *I* broke it, then he beat me very heartily until *I* shouted out mercy and murder all at once. *Tom* Why did you not leave him when he used you badly? *Teag.* Arra dear shoy, *I* could never, never think of leaving him while *I* could eat: he gave me so many good victuals, and promised to prefair me to be his bone-picker; but by shaine Patrick, *I* had to run away with my life, or else *I* had lost my dear shoul and body too by him; Oh! then I had come home much poorer then I went away. The great big bitch dog that was my master's best beloved: put in it's head into a pitcher to lick out some milk: and when it was in he could not get it out so I to save the pitcher, got a hatchet and cutted off the dog's

head, had to break the pitcher to get out the head; by this I loſt both the dog and the pitcher: my maſter hearing of it, ſwore he would cut the head off me, for the poor dog was made uſeleſs, and could not ſee to follow no body for want of his eyes. Ah! when I hear'd of this, I run away with my own head; for if I had loſt it, I had loſt my eyes too, then I would not ſee the road to Portpatrick through Glen-nap, but by ſhaint Patrick I came home alive in ſpit of them all. *Tom.* O rarely done Pady you behaved like a man, but what is the reaſon that you Iriſh people ſwear always by Saint Patrick? what is he this St. Patrick? *Teag.* Arra dear honey he was the beſt ſhaint in the world the father of all the good people in Ireland, he has great kindneſs for an Iriſhman, when he hears him calling upon his name, he was the firſt that ſowed the potatoes in Ireland, as he knew it was a bit of good fat ground, it being a gentleman's garden before Noah's flood. *Tom.* But dear Pady is St. Patrick yet alive that he hears the Iriſh people when they ſpeak of his name? *Teag.* Arra dear honey I don't know whither he be dead or alive, but it is long time ſince they killed him, the people turned all pagons, but he would not change his profeſſion, but was going to run the country with it, and for taking his goſpel away to England ſo the barbarous Troys of Dublin cutted off his head and what do you think he did when his head was off? *Tom.* What can a dead man do you fool? *Teag.* Dead, faith he was not ſuch a big fool to die yet, he ſweem'd over to England after this and brought his head along with him. *Tom* And how did he carry his head and ſweem too? *Teag.* Arra dear honny he carried his head in his teeth.

At Portpatrick I ſeed my own kingdom, and thought I was ſafe at home, but I was clean dead, and almoſt drown'd before I could get riding over the water for I with nine or ten paſſengers more leapt on a little young boat having but four men dwelling in a little houſe in the one end of it, which was all thiked with deals; and after they had pul'd up her tedder-ſtick, and laid her long halter over he meane, they pul'd up a long big ſheet like three or four pair of blankets, to the riggen of the houſe: and the wind blew in that, which made here gallop up one watery hill and down another till I thought ſhe would have rnn to the warlds end if ſome part of the earth had not catch'd her by a foot. Tom. I fancy Pady by this time you was very ſick? Teag. Ay ſick, beyond all ſickneſs, clean dead as a door nail, for as I had loſt the key of my backſide I bocked up all from the bottom of my belly, and I thought that liver and lungs and all that I had ſhould have gone together, then I aalled to the fellow that held hdr by the tail behind, to pull down his ſheets and hold her head till I got leiſure to die, and then ſay my prayers. Tom ell then Pady and you got ſafe aſhore at laſt? Teag Ay, ay, we came aſhore very faſt: but, by ſhaint Patrick I ſhall never venture my dear ſhoul and body in ſuch a yaung boat again while the wind blows out of Scots Galolway. Tom Well Pady, and wher did you go when you came to Ireland again? Teag. Arra dear honey, and where did I go but to my own dear couſſins, weo now was become very rich by the death of the old buck his father: who died but few weeks before I went over, and the pariſh had to burry him out of pity, it did not coſt him a farding. Tom And what entertainment or good uſage did you get there Pady? Teag. O my dear ſhoy, I was kindly uſed as another gentlemman for I tolp him I had made ſomething of it by my travels as well as himſelf. But I had no money, therefore I

had to work for my victuals while I ſtayed with him.

Tom. Ho poor Pady, I ſuppoſe you would not ſtay long there. Teag. Arra dear honey, I could have ſtay'd there long enough, but when a man is poor his friends thinks but little of him. I told him I was going to ſee my brother Harry: Harry ſaid he, Harry is dead; dead ſaid I, and who kill'd him? why ſaid the death; Allalwe dear honey, and where did he kill hm ſaid I? in his bed, ſaid he, O what for a cowardly action was that ſaid I. to kill a man in his bed? and what is he thus fellow death, ſaid I? What is he, ſaid he? he is one that kills more than the head butcher in all Cork does; Arra dear honey, ſaid I if he had ia been on Newry mountains without his brogs, and hs broad ſword by his ſide, all the deaths in Ireland hah not kill'd him: O that impudent fellow death, if he had letten him alone till he had died for want of butter-milk and potatoes, I am ſure he would have lived all the days of his life. Tom. In all your travels when abroad did you ſee none of your countrymen to inform you of what happened at home concerning your relations? Teag. Arra dear ſhoy, I ſeed none but Tom Jack one day on the ſtreet but when I came to him it was not him, but another juſt like him. Tom. On what account did you go a travelling? Teag. Why a decruiting ſerjeant liſted me to be a captain, and after all advanced me no higher than a ſoldier itſelf, but only called me his dear country man recruit; for I did not know what the regiment was, when I ſeed them, I thought they were all gentleman's ſons and collegenors when I ſeed a box like a bible upon their bellies: until I ſeed G for King George and R for God bleſs him, ho, ho, ſaid I, I thant be long here. Tom. O then Pady you deſerted from them? Teag. Ay, thats what I did, and run to the mountains like a wild buck, and ever ſince when I ſee any ſoldiers I cloſed my eyes leſt they ſhould know me. Tom. And what exploits did you do when you was a ſoldier? Teag.

Arra dear ſhoy, I kill'd a man, Tom. And how did you that? Teag. Arra dear hony, when he drop this ſword, I drew mine, and advanced boldly upon him and then cutted off his foot. Tom. O then what a big fool was you: for you ought firſt to have cutted off his head Teag. Arra dear ſhoy, his head was cutted off before I engaged him elſe I had not done it. Tom. O then Pady you acted like a fool: but you are not ſuch a big fool as mony takes you to be, you may paſs for a philoſopher. Teag. A ruluſifair, my father was a Fuluſifair, beſides he was a man under great authority by law, condemning the juſt and clearing the guilty, do you know how they call the horſes mother? Tom. Woy they call her a mare. Pady. A mare a very well minded, by ſhaint Patrick, my father was a mare in Cork. Tom. And what riches was left you by the death of your mother? Pady. A bad luck to her old harbrion belly, for ſhe lived in great plenty and died in great poverty; devouring up all or ſhe died herſelf, but two hens and a peck full of potatoes a poor eſtate for an Iriſh gentleman in faith. Tom. And what did you make of your hens and potatoes, did you ſow them? Pady. Arra dear ſhoy, I ſowed them in my belly: and ſold the hens to a cadger.

Tom. And what buſineſs did your mother follow after? Pady. Greatly in the merchant way. Tom. And what ſort of goods did ſhe call in? Pady. Dear ſhoy ſhe went about the country and ſold ſmall fiſhes, onions and apples, bought hens and eggs, and then hatched them herſelf: I remember of one long necked cock ſhe had of an overlea brood, that he ſtood on the top of the midden, and picked all the ſtars out of the norweſt, ſo they were never ſo thick there ſince.

Tom. Now Pady, that's a bull ſupaſſes all: but is there none of that cock's offſpring alive in Ireland now? Pady. Arra dear ſhoy, I don't think they are but it is a pity but they had: for they could fly with

people above the ſea, which would put the uſe of ſhips out of faſhion, and then there would be nobody drown'd at ſea at all Tom. Very well Pady but in all your travels did you never get a wife? Pady Ay, thats what I did, and a wicked wife too- Tom And what is become of her now? Pady. Dear ſhoy I can't tell whether ſhe be gone to Purgatory or the pariſh of *Pick-tran-tum*, for ſhe told me ſhe would certainly die the firſt opportunity ſhe could get, as this preſent evil world was not wo-th the waiting on ſo ſhe would go and ſee what good things is in the world to come, for when that old Rover, called the Fever came raging like a mad man, over the whole kingdom, knocking ſinners on the head with deadly blows, ſhe went away and died out of ſpite (that I lote the potatoes all root in the ground) leaving me with nothing but two motherleſs children. Tom O but Pady, you ought to have gone to a doctor, and got ſome pills and phiſic to her. Pady. By ſhaint Patrick I had as good a pill of my own as any doctor in the kingdom could give her, and as for ſneezing ſhe could never uſe ſnuff nor tobacco in her life. Tom. O you fool that is not what I mean, you ought to have brought the doctor to feel her pulſe, and let blood of her, if he thought it needful. Pady. Yes, yes, that is what I did: for I run to the doctor, when ever ſhe died, and ſought ſomethhing for a dead, or dying woman, the old fool d---l of a doctor, was at his dinner, and began to aſk me ſome dirty queſtions which I anſwered diſtinctly.

Tom. And what did he aſk of you Pady? Pady. Why he aſked me who did my wife go to ſtool, to which I anſwered the ſame way that other women goes to a chair: no ſaid he, that is not what *I* mean. How does ſhe purge? Arra Mr Doctor ſaid *I*, all the fire in Purgatory won't purge her clean, for ſhe's both a cold and a ſtinking breath, ſir, ſaid he, that is not what *I* aſk you, whether does ſhe ſhite thick or thinn? Arra maſter doctor ſaid *I*, it is ſometimes ſo thick, and

hard that you may ake it in your hand and eat it like a piece of cheele or pudding, and at other times you may drink it or ſup it with a ſpoon, at this he flew in a moſt terrible rage, and kick'd me down ſtairs, and would give me nothing for her, but called me a dirty ſcoundral for ſpeaking of ſhite before ladies. Tom. And was you ſorry when your wife died? Pady. Arra dear ſhoy, if any body had beat me *I* was fit to cry myſelf Tom. And in what good order did you burry your wife when ſhe died. Pady O my dear ſhoy, ſhe was buried with all manner of pump, pride and ſplendor a fine new coffin, with cords in it, and within the coffin along with herſelf, ſhe got a pair of new brogs, a penny candle, a good hard headed holy hammer with an *Iriſh* ſixpence hapeny piece to pay her paſſage at the gate, and what more could ſhe look for. Tom. I really think you gave her enough along with her but, you ought to have cry'd for her, if it was no more but to keep in the faſhon. Pady. And why ſhould *I* cry without ſorrow, when *I* hired two cryers to cry all the way before her, to keep in the faſhon Tom And what did they cry before a dead woman? Pady. Why they cry the common cry of foundrel lament, that is uſed in our *Iriſh* country.

Tom And what manner of a cry is that Pady?

Pady. Dear Tom if you don't know *I'll* tell you, when any dies there is a number of cryers goes before, ſaying, Fuff, Fuff, Fuo Alliew dear honey, what ailed thee to die? is was not for want of butter-milk, and potatoes, & &c

PART III.

Tom WELL Pady and what did you do when your wife died? Pady. Dear honey what would *I* do? do you think *I* was ſuch a big fool as to die too, *I* am ſure if *I* had *I* would not have got fair play when I am not ſo old as my father was when he died Tom No Pady it is not that I mean was you ſorry, or did you weep for her? Pady. Weep

for her, by ſhan Patrick I would not weep nor ye be ſory ſuppoſe my own mother, and all the women in Ireland had died ſeven years before I was born. Tom What did you do with yonr children when ſhe died. Pady Do you imagine I was ſuch a big fool as burry my children alive along with a dead woman: Arra dear honey, we always commonly gives nothing along with a dead perſon, but an old ſhirt a winding ſheet, a big hammer, with a long candle and an Iriſh three penny piece. Tom Dear Pady and what uſe do you make of all them things. Pady. Then Tom ſince you are ſo inquiſitive, yon may go and aſk the prieſt. Tom. What did you make of your children then Pady Pady. And what ſhould I make of them do you Imagin that I would give them tnto tbe hands of butchers as they had been a parcel of hoggs put them in my hoſpitle, as others do. Tom. No I ſuppoſe you whould leave them with your friends. Pady. Ay, ay, a poor man's friends, is ſome times worſe than a profeſs,d enemy the beſt friend ever I had in the world, was my own pocket while my money laſted; but I left my own two babes between the prieſts door and the pariſh church, becauſe it was a place of mercy; and then ſet out for old England, in queſt of another fortune. Tom. And did not you take good night with your friends or you came away? Pady. Arra dear honey, I had no friends in the world but an Iriſh half-crown, and I would be very ſorry to part with ſuch a dear pocket-companion at ſuch a time. Tom. I fancy pady you com'd off with what they call a moon ſhine flitting. Pady. You lie, like a thief now for I did not ſee ſun, moon, nor ſtars all that night then, for I ſet out from Cork, at the dawn at night, and had traveled twenty miles all but twelve before glomien in the morning. Tom And where did you go to take ſhipping. Pady. Arra dear honey, I came to a country villiage called Dublin, as

big a city as any market-town in all England, where I got myself lodged on board of a little young boat, with a parcel of fellows and a long leather bag, I supposed them to be tinkers, until I asked what they carried in that leather-sack; they told me it was the English-mail they were going over with, then said I is their mills so scant in England, that they must send over their corn to Ireland to grind it? The comical cnuning fellows perswaded me it was so; then I went down to a little house below the water, hard by the rig back of the boat, and laid me down on their leather sack, where I slept myself almost to death with hunger, and dear Tom, to tell you plainly, when I awaked I did not know where I was, but thought I was dead and buried, for I found nothing all around me but wooden walls and timber above. Tom. And how did you come to your self to know where you was at last. Pady. By the law dear shoy, I scratched my head in a hundred parts, and then sat me down to think upon it; so I minded it was my wife that was dead and not me, and that I was alive in the young post boat with the fellows that carries over the English meal from the Irish mills. Tom. O then pady I am sure you was glad when you found yourself alive, Pady. Arra dear shoy, I was very sure I was alive, but I did not think to live long, and I thought it was better for me to steal and be hanged than to live all my days and die directly with hunger at last. Tom. What, had you no meat or money along with you? Pady. Arra dear honey I gave all my money to the captain of the house, or the goodman of the ship, to carry me into the sea, or over to England, but then I was like to eat my old brogs for want of victuals draws my hinger and cuts the lock of their leather sack, thinking to get a lick of their meal; but alive dear shoy. I found neither meal nor seeds, but a parcel of papers and letters, a poor morsel indeed for a hungry man. Tom. O then pady you laid down

your honeſty for nothing. Pady. Ay, ay, I was a great thief, but got nothing to ſteal. Tom. And how did you come to get victuals at laſt? Pady. Aliwe dear honey, the thoughts of meat and drink death and life, and every thing elſe was out of my mind I had not a thought but one. Tom. And what was that pady? Pady To go down amongſt the fiſh and become a Whale; then I would have an eaſy life all my days, having nothing to do but to drink ſalt water, and eat calur oyſters. Tom. what pady was you like to be drowned again? Pady, Ay, ay, drown'd, as clean drown'd as a fiſh, for the ſeas blew very loud, and the winds run ſo high, that we were all caſt away ſafe on the ſhore and none of us drowned at all.

Tom. And where did you go when you came to ſhore? Pady. Arra, dear honey, I was not able to go any where, you might a caſten a knot on my belly I was ſo hollow in the middle: ſo I went into a gentleman's houſe, and told him the black fortune I had of being drowned betweeu Ireland and the foot of his garden, where we came all ſafe aſhore: but all the comfort I got from him was a word of truth.

Tom. And what was that Pady? Pady. Why, he told me if I had been a good boy at home, I needed not com'd ſo far to puſh my fortune with an empty pocket: which I anſwed what ſignifies that, as long as I am a good workman at no trade at all. Tom. I ſuppoſe Pady the gentleman would make you dine with him. Pady. I realy thought I was when I ſeed them roſting and ſkinning ſo many black chickens, which was nothing but a few dead crows, they were going to eat: ho, ho, ſaid *I*, them is but dry meat at the beſt, but of all the fowls that flies commend me to the wing of an ox; but all that came to my ſhare was a piece of a boiled heren and a roaſted potatoe, and that was the firſt bit of bread, I ever did eat in England. Tom Well Pady, what buſineſs did you follow after in England when you was ſo poor.

Pady. What ſir, do you imagine *I* was poor when *I* came over on ſuch an honourable intention as to liſt, and bring myſelf to no prefairment at all, as *I* was an able body man in the face, *I* thought to be made a Brigadeer, a Grandedeer, or a Fzeleer, or even one of them blueGowns that holds the fiery ſtick to the bung hole of the big cannons, when they let them off to fright away the French; *I* was as ſure as no man alive, or *I* came from Cork, the leaſt prefairment *I* could get was to be a ridding maſter to a Regiment of Marins, or one of the black horſes itſelf

Tom. Well Pady, you ſeem to be a clever little man, to be all in one body, what height are you?

Pady, Arra dear ſhoy, *I* am five foot nothing at all but one inch. Tom. And where in England was it you liſted? Pady. Arra dear ſhoy, *I* was going thro' that little country village, the famous city of Cheſter the ſtreets was very ſore, becauſe the hardneſs of my feet, and tenderneſs of my brogs: ſo *I* went but very ſloly acroſs the ſtreet, from port to port is a pretty long way, but *I* being weared thought nothing of it; then the people came all crouding to meas *I* had been a worlds wonder, or the wandering Jew: For the rain blew in my face and the wind wetted all my belly cauſed me turn the back ſide of my coat before, and buttons behind, which was a good ſafeguard to my body, and the preſervation of my naked back; as *I* had got an old ſhirt. Tom. *I* am ſure they would take you for a fool? Pady. No, no ſir, they admired me for my wiſdom, for *I* always turn'd my buttons before when the wind blew on behind. but *I* wondred greatly how the people knew my name and where *I* came from. for every one told another, that *I* was Pady from Cork; *I* ſuppoſe they knew my face by ſeeing my name in the News-papers. Tom. Well Pady what buſineſs did you follow in Cheſter? Pady. To be ſure *I* was not idle working at nothing at all until a

Recruting Serjeant came to town, with two or three fellows along with him one beating on a Fiddle, and another playing on a Drum tossing their airs through the streets, as they were going to be married; and I seed them courting none but young men so to bring myself to no preferment at all I listed for a soldier because I was two high for a Grandedeer. Tom And what listing money did you get Pady? Pady. Arra dear shoy, I got five thirteens and a pair of brogs the Guinea and the rest of the gold was sent away to London to the king master, to buy me my new shirts a cockade and common treasling for my hatt: then made me swear the malishous oath of devilre against the king, the collours, and my captain, telling me if ever I deserted and not run away that I would be shot, and then whipt to death thro' the Regiment No Pady it is first whipt and then shot you mean. Pady Arra dear shoy it is all one thing at last, bnt it is best to be shot and then whipt the cliverest way to die I'll warrend you. Tom. How much pay did you get a week Pady Pady Do you know the little fat tall Serjeant that tied me to be a soldier? Tom And how shonld I know them I never seed you tool? Pady Dear shoy you may know him whither you see him or not, for his face is all bored in big holes with the small pox his nose is the collour of a Lobster toe, and his chin like a well washen potatoe: he's the bigest rogue in our kingdom, you'll know him when he cheats you, as he did me and another mark he dights his mouth before he drinks, or takes a snuff: O the rogue hight me six pence a day kill or not kill, and when I laid Sundays and Saturdays both together, and all the days in one day, I could not make a penny above five-pence of it. Tom You should kept an account, and ask'd your arriers once a month. Pady. That is what I did, but he read a paternoster out of his prayer-book; wherein all our Names is written, somuch for a stop-hole to my gun,

to buckles, to a pair of comical harn hoſe with leather buttons from top to toe: and worſt of all he would have no leſs than a penny a week to a Doctor. Arra ſaid I, I never had a tore fingar nor yet a ſick tee, all the days of my life, then what have I to do with Doctor's or Doctors to do me? Tom. And did he make you pay for all thoſe things? Pady Ay ay pay and better pay, he took me before his captain, who made me pay all that was in his book. Arra Maſter Captain ſaid I, your a comical ſort of a fellow now you might as well make me pay for a coffin before I be dead; than to pay for a Doctor before I be ſick, to which he anſwered in a paſſion ſirra ſaid he, I have ſeen many better men burried without a coffin ſir ſaid I, then I'll have a coffin, die when I will, if there be as much wood in the world, or *I* ſhall not be burried at all: then he called to the Serjeant, ſaying go you ſir, and buy that man a coffin, and put it into the ſtore till he die, and ſtop ſix pence a week off my pay, for it No no, ſir ſaid I, I'll rather die without a coffin and ſeek none when am dead; bnt if yon be for clipping another ſix pence off my pay, keep it all to yourſelf and I'll ſwear all yonr oaths of agreement we made back again, and then ſeek ſoldiers where you will. Tom. O then Pady how did you end the matter? pady Arra dear ſhoy, by the mights of ſhant Patrick and help of my brogs, I both ended it and mended it, for the next night before that, I gave them leg-bail for my fedelity, and then went about the countray a fortune teller dumb and deaf, as I was not. Tom How old was you Pady when you was a ſoldier? Pady Arra dear honey, I was three doſen all but two and it is but only two years ſince, ſo I want only two years of three dozen more, I'll be older than I am I warrend you. Tom O but Pady, by your accout you are three dozen of years already Pady O what for a big fool are you now Tom, when you count

Pady's New Catechism.

Tom. OF all opinions profeſſed in Religion, tell me now Pady, of what profeſſion art thou? Pady. Arra dear ſhoy, my Religion was too weighty a matter to carry out of my own country, I was afraid that you Engliſh preſbyterians ſhould pluck it way from me Tom. What pady, was your Religion ſuch a load that you could not carry it along with you? Pady. Yes, that it was, but I carried it always about with me when at home, my ſweet Croſs upon my dear breaſt, bound to my bleſs'd button hole. T. and what manner of worſhip did you perform by that P. Why I adore my croſs, the Pope, and the prieſt curſes Oliver as black as a crow, and I wore myſelf a cut throat againſt all proteſtant and Engliſh kirkmen. T. And what is the matter but you would be church of England man, or a Scots preſbyterian yourſelf pady? P. Becauſe it is unnatural for an Iriſhman, but had thant Patrick been a preſbyterian, I had been the ſame. T. And for what reaſon would you be a preſbyterian then pady? P. Becauſe they have a liberty to eat fleſh in Lent, and every thing that is lovely for the belly. T. What pady are you ſuch a lover of fleſh that you would change your profeſſion for it? P. O yes, that's what I do. I love fleſh of its kinds, ſheeps beef, ſwines mutton, hare's fleſh, and hen's veniſon: but our Religion is one of the hungrieſt in all the world, ah, but it makes my teeth to weep, and my belly to watter. when I ſee the Scots church men and the Engliſh preſbyterians, in time of Lent, feeding upon bulls baſtards and ſheeps young children T. Why pady do you ſay the bull is a fornicater, and gets baſtards? P. Arra dear ſhoy, I never ſeed the cow and her huſband all the days of my life, nor yet before I was born going to the church to be married, and what then can his ſons and daughters be but baſtards. T. O pady, pady, the cow is a cow, and

ſo are you: but what reward will you get when you are dead, for puniſhing your belly ſo while you are alive? P By ſhaint Patrick I will live like a king when I am dead for I will neither pay for meat nor drink, T What pady do you think that you are to come alive again after you are dead? P Yes, we that is true Roman Catholicks, will live a long time after we are dead: when we die in love, with the prieſt, and the good ſhaints of our profeſſion. T. And what aſſurance can your prieſt give you of that: P Arra dear ſhoy, our prieſt is a great ſhaint and a good ſhoul, who can repeat a pater-noſter and ave-maria; which will fright the very horned devil hurleſf: and make old nick to run for it until he be like to fall and break his neck. T. And what does he give you when you are dying, that makes you come alive again? P. Why he writes a letter on our tongue, ſealed with a waffer, gives us a ſacrament in our mouth, with a pardon and direction in our right hand what to call for at the ports of purgatory T. And what entertainment will you get when you are in? P. O my dear we are all kept there untill a general, review which is commonly once in the week and then they are drawn up like as many young recruits, and all the black-guard ſcoundrels is pick'd out of the ranks. and the one half of them is ſent away to the Elyſian-fields, to curry the weeds from among the potatoes: the other half of them to the river Styx, to catch ſiſhes for ſhaint patrick's, table: and all of them that is owing the prieſt any money, is put in the black hole and then given into the hands of a great black bitch of a devil, which they keep for a hangman, who whips them up and down the ſmocky dungeon every morning for ſix months, then holds their bare back ſide to a great fire, until their hips be all in one bliſter: and after all ſent away to the poor pariſh of Pig-trantum, where they'll get nothing to eat but cold ſowens bargew and butter milk T And where does your good people go who are ſeparated from the bad.

P. And where would you have them to go, but into ſhaint Patrick's palace, and then they may go down the back ſtairs into the garden of Eden, now called Paradiſe, ah, my dear ſhoy, thi is the real fundimental truths of our Romiſh Religion and deep doctrine it is but you Engliſh preſbyterians and Scots high church men, will not believe it, and by ſhaint Patrick neither can I until I ſee more of it come to paſs T. And what buſineſs do you follow after at preſent? P. Arra dear ſhoy I am a mountain ſailor; and my ſuplication is as follows

PADY's Humble Petition or Supplication.

GOOD, Chriſtian people behold me a man who has com'd thro a world of wonders, a hell full of hardſhips, dangers by ſea and dangers by land, and yet I am alive O! ſee, ſee, my hand crooked like a foles foot and that is no wonder at all; conſidering my ſufferings and ſorrows: Oh, oh, oh, good people I was a man in my time, who had plenty of the gold, plenty of the ſilver plenty of the cloaths, plenty of the butter, the beer, the beef, and biſkake. And now, now, I have nothing; being taken by the Turks, and reliev'd by the Spaiſh rds, lay fifty ſix days at the ſiege of Giberalter, got nothing to eat but ſea wreck an raw muſſels, then put to ſea for our ſafety, caſt upon the Barbarian coaſt amongſt the wofull wicked Algerines, where we was taken, and tied with tugs and tadders, horſe locks, and cow-chains, then cut and caſterate yards and teſticals quite away, if you won't believe put in your hand and feel how every femal's made ſmooth by the ſhear bone, where nothing is to be ſeen but what is natural. Then made our eſcape to the deſart wide wilderneſs of Arabia; where we lived amongſt the wild Aſſes upon wind, ſand, and ſaples-ling. Afterwards put to ſea in the hull of an old houſe where we was toſſed above and below the clouds, being driven throw thickets and groves, by fierce, furious courſe calm and contrary winds; at laſt being caſt away upou Salſbury plain,

where our veſſel was daſh'd to pieces againſt a cabbage ſtock. And now my humble petition, to you good Chriſtian people is; for one hundred of your butter, one hundred of your beef another of your cheeſe, a caſk of your biſkake, a tun of your beer, a keg of your rum, with a pipe of your wine a lump of your gold, a piece of your ſilver, with a few of your half-pence or farthings a waught of your butter milk, a pair of your old breeches ſtockings or ſhoe, or even a chew of tobacco for charity's ſake.

PADY's CREED *for Roniſh* BELIEVERS.

I Believe the pope of Rome, to be the right heir and true ſucceſſor of father Pete the Apoſtle; and that he has a power above the kings of the world, which is ſpiritual and temporal: Endued with a communication from beyond the grave and can bring up any departed ſhoul * he pleaſes. * *that is* even as the woman of Endor brought up *to ſay or* Samuel to Saul: by the ſame power he can *a Devil* aſſiſted by the enchantments of old Manaſſeh *in its* a king in Iſrael, I believe alſo in the Ro- *head.* miſh prieſts, that are very civil chaſte ſhentlemen, keeps no wives of their own, but partakes a little of other men's when in ſecret confeſſion I acknowledge the worſhiping of images and relicks of ſhaints departed to be very juſt; but if they hear and do not help us, they are but a parcel of ungrateful wretches.

P A D Y's P S A L M S.

GUD proſper long our noble ſelves,
our lives and fortunes all:
A woful hunting accident their did
in ſlive Galland befal.
2 Some children ſliding on the ice,
upon a ſummer day;
It to fell out they all fell in,
the reſt they run away.
But if thoſe children at ſchool had been,
Or yet upon dry ground,

3 'Tis ten to one theſe prety babes,
had not at all been drown'd.
4 Therefore *I* adviſe you parents dear,
who now no children have,
Nor never hopes for to have none,
the way you muſt them ſhave;
5 Be ſure you ſend them all to ſchool,
and keep the reſt at home:
It will prevent a ſudden death,
in ſuch a watery tomb.
6 Or bring them in your hand with you,
when you come to the maſs,
And there I'll teach them how to live,
that they may ſtill tranſgreſs.
7 And I with holly-water, will
ſprinkle them all over,
That they may all a fleeked be,
Like horſes on good clover:
8 That they may woful members prove,
to country and to king;
And to their friends, and families,
great deſtructions bring.
9 Therefore do not as I ſay,
to bring them to the maſs;
But bring them up black-Fipt-a terjans,
at bogan mogans claſs.
10 Then the Pope and Peter will you curſe,
upon your dying day,
And when you come whinging to their gates
they'll kick you quite away.
11 For your ſhoul is but a pot of duſt,
your body's a puff of wind,
Will wander with black-deels and Fairies,
and never ſhelter find.
12 Therefore hear what Old-Roy ſays,
to M'Cloſkys words you'll ſtick,
Or my curſe will cut you to the bone,
And lodge you with Old Nick.

FINIS.

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